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Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Attempts to identify the poetic meaning and character of great works of instrumental music, by shaping out some sort of analogy between their structure and the states of mind in which they leave us, are not entirely fruitless, even if no two individuals give you nearly the same account. If they are sincere records of the moods or trains of thought induced by the music, even allowing for all the coloring of the writer's subjectivity, such accounts will still be found analogous with one another, although from different points of view. The following, which was perpetrated after a concert some eight years ago, is reproduced now with the hope that it may serve somewhat to deepen the interest in the noble Symphony that was performed so finely at the Musical Fund Concert of last Saturday.

What shall we say of the Seventh Symphony? Having no verbal key from the composer, as we have in the case of the “C minor” and the “Pastorale,” we shall not dare to offer any fanciful interpretation of our own. Its mystery is no small part of its charm; to solve it one must have lived deeper and longer than most of us,

He who can say he fully understands that music, shall have credit for a profound acquaintance with the mysteries of human life.

Yet where is our assurance, it being so mysterious, that it means anything? that it is not gorgeous mist, and solemn incoherence, a grand parade of sound without substance, like baby eloquence, which looks and sounds so expressive, only unfortunately it has no pith in it? The assurance lies in the energy with which it enters us, and reaches deeper regions in us than we were conscious of before; in the constancy with which it haunts us, when once heard; in the earnest feeling which it gives us about everything, a feeling which our gayest mood can no more prevail against, than the lighter melodies in the Symphony itself against its solemn chords, and its unvaried sacrificial pomp of rhythm.

The key-note with which it begins and ends, is A, (major). There is a wonderful continuousness in it. Something strikes you at first, which is heard to the end. Neither the sombre Andante, nor the wild Scherzo, nor the again triumphant Finale, can drive it out of your mind. That A is heard all through. In the Andante, it is still the key-note, though in the minor mood; in the Presto, it is present as the third of the key-note F; and even there, upon the back-ground of F, it continues to make itself the prominent figure, and the whole passage ends in a loud, long unison in A. The key then changes to D major, while the rapid tempo yields to the slower, stately movement of that most sublime, full, celestial strain, which opens in from above, flooding all with light and glory, like the presence of God and life's great purpose felt suddenly in the midst of play, full of warning yet not condemning, awakening at the same time a sense of awe and an inward consciousness of power and of a great destiny:—a grand unitary sentiment, surprising the buoyancy of full blooded joy and activity, as when our thoughts are suddenly caught up from the scenes and specialties which for the time engross us, to the pure, sober sky, that arches over the whole being over. Well, in this wonderful passage, also, the A is prolonged in trumpet tones, the *Dominant* in more than the technical sense to the whole strain in D. The Presto revelry in F is renewed; is again arrested by the commencing chords of that grand Chant; and the key-note of F barely saves itself at the close, by a few swift helter-skelter leaps of modulation. The *Finale Allegretto* again returns, of course, to the fundamental of A.

The strange continuity resulting from, or unconsciously expressing itself in that persistency of a single note, is no less manifest in the rhythmic structure. In each of the movements, one short rhythmic phrase marshals the procession of the full-ranked harmonies. In the first movement, after a most majestic introduction, full of nerve and fire, yet deliberate and grand, which results in a monotonous reiteration of one note, varied only by answering octaves, the theme sets in. It is the same monotonous phrase, of a single

measure, starting in a galloping dactylic rhythm and drawing everything after its lead. It gives the impression of a uniform, determined movement through the whole universe of being. One restless energy, one unquenchable, but dignified and self-controlling emulation, urges all things onward, kindles itself anew in every nature, till all are enlisted in one glorious, active dedication of themselves to unity. Nothing parts with its own individual features, yet all accept the impetus divine, and haste to swell the rapid, orderly procession. The little monotonous phrase not only wakes up its own natural harmonies, but traverses all manner of keys, and presses the most daring discords, willingly or unwillingly, to chime in with it, and follow whithersoever it leads. First they accept its rhythm, they own their law in that; then, vainly struggling for a while, they resolve themselves into its harmony, and onward, ever onward, the whole goes waltzing to its great destiny, swelled by ever stronger and richer recruits, and teaching you that throughout all spheres and kingdoms, there is no exception and no rest from the perpetual devotion. “Life is onward, life is earnest,” seems to be the constant burthen. All things own the earnestness of life; and if thou, in thy shallow works of selfishness, in thy tame conventionalisms, canst not feel it, thou shalt find small response to thy indifference or frivolity in the earnest music of this deeply conscientious composer.

We had wondered at the coolness with which the concert-bills in New York gave out, that the Symphony was to represent the mythological fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Yet when a friend, wholly innocent of such advertisement, remarked upon first hearing it, that it seemed to him an *Orphic* movement, inasmuch as it was a perpetual leading of all things onward in obedience to a simple melody, trees, and rocks, and beasts, gentler nymphs, and grotesque satyrs, thronging, as it were, after the lyre of the bard, we could not but own the aptness of the illustration. And perhaps there is a deeper meaning in that fable, as in most of that sort of antique lore, than is at first supposed.

Whatever of triumphant there may be in this great music, it is all subdued and solemnized, and impresses the soul with deep humility, while it exalts. Judging from the mood with which it haunts us, (and in a faithful recognition of that must the hearing of all music be sought) it may well be said to express the coöperation of all things with the deeply religious, earnest purpose. And if the first movement conduce us, as it were, to the uttermost parts of the earth, and under the waters, and throughout all the spheres, to show us everywhere the earnestness of life, so too the second movement, the *Andante quasi Allegretto* (not *Andante*, for the unresting obedience to divine leadings must be kept up, and a too slow movement would not answer,) gives us the feeling of a sacrifice. The solemn dedication of one's self in humility and soberness; the acceptance and consecration of sorrow; the sweet inward

assurance flowing forth so soon as that is done in melodies that "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles;" the fugue-like confluence of voices in low, quick conference of congratulation and advice; the delicious inward reverie again, suddenly cut short by the loud word of duty and the renewal of the vow;—all this answers successively to the almost unearthly solemnity of that short-breathed, muffled beat of the opening theme in A minor, so subdued, so steadily repeated with only the variation of the earnestness which maketh alive, so impressive by very suppression of its own fulness; then to those melting triplets in the major of the key, which come like the sweet relief of tears after silence and restraint, accompanied all the while however, by the same measured drum-beat in the deep bass of A: then to the passage where the violins start off unconsciously into a free fugue-like movement; then the return of the triplets, the interruption, and the close, which is like the beginning. Here again Orpheus comes in aptly. He too had to "lose his life to find it," had to go down among the shades to find his lost Eurydice, had to charm the infernal watch, and envelope himself with light amid the gloom, by the melodies of his lyre, that is, of his true love; he too was cut off in the joy of his return,—fatally it is said,—and here therefore he must leave us.

Of the *Presto*, or as Beethoven usually calls it, the *Scherzo* movement, taking the place of the old Minuet and Trio, we have already hinted somewhat. The artistical structure of a Symphony, the distribution of its various movements, (commencing with the Allegro, then the Andante, then the Scherzo, and then the Finale,) is not arbitrary, but has a certain metaphysical completeness. The first discourses, as it were, to the Intellect; lays down a certain proposition and unfolds it. The Andante is the climax of the whole, and reproduces what before was Thought, as Feeling. The playful Scherzo is the alternation of Fancy; and the Finale, rapid, energetic, and triumphant usually, has in it more of Will, and embodies Thought in Action.

We shall not attempt to analyze the Symphony in question further, since our aim has been to characterize, not to describe. If in the Fifth Symphony we had the great life-struggle, in this we have something more like victory and realization; not a proud, complacent joy, but a sober acceptance of the law of life, a consecration of the faculties, and a production of such august beauty as not the yearning for, but the living in a higher sphere, alone could give. The nervous energy is not at all tamed down, but electrifies as ever; the striving for the infinite still marks Beethoven, but it is with calmer, clearer wisdom. Sad is it also, and a blessed angel would sing sadly in this poor crazed world of ours. More than ever do we own the prophet in that lonely, bravely suffering artist, who, deaf to outward sound, heard all the more clearly with the inner sense, and, all unsphered and solitary in respect to outward relations, lived and wrought the more earnestly and religiously in that inner life, which gives assurance of a better future. The music of Beethoven, we have said it more than once, is a presentiment of coming social harmony, a great heart's confession of its faith, one of the nearest and clearest echoes of the approaching footsteps of the good genius of Humanity. He is the seventh note in the scale, the note which cries for the completion of the octave, the note whose correspondence is the passion of the soul for Order, the purified ambition, which no longer inverted and seeking only self-aggrandizement, contemplates a glorious hierarchy of all Humanity, in which each, feeling his true place, and filling it, and felt in it, may in one act help to complete and enjoy the universal accord, and thus, in the only conceivable manner, satisfy the craving of each single soul to embrace the Infinite at once.

MASSACRE OF NUNS AT PARIS.—A community of nuns, with their abbess, were all condemned to the guillotine while the fury of the French revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful and most of them possessed angelic voices, and as they

passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, they raised the hymn of *Veni Creator*. They had never been heard to sing it so divinely, and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment, not when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, nor while the work of death was going on, though it became feeble as one after the other fell under the guillotine; and at last it was sustained but by one voice, which was that of the abbess; but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke.—Jameson.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

I.

I lay in the rushes,
Where summer light fell
On the trees and the bushes
That bordered the well.

All the flowers were gleaming
In crimson and gold,
And the sunlight lay dreaming
On meadow and wild.

But the bud and the chalice
Are fading away,
From the roses' red palace
Step Genie and Fay;

Step from golden pavilion
In blooming bowers,
From hall of vermillion,
The souls of the flowers.

They wreath their wild dances,
They glide and they spring;
Each recedes, each advances,
They laugh and they sing.

But with blushes and flushes,
One sounds on a horn,
And more green grow the rushes,
More yellow the corn.

But she sees, she befriends him,
She smiles on the boy;
She calls him, she lends him
That delicate toy.

And the Child loves and praises
Its mystical strain,
And Age feels the gaisies
Bloom round him again.

II.

When the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearl'd with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

O! the Nymphs and the graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

And striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn!

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays, nor in vain,

For soft loving voices
Will answer again.

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

London Leader.

M.

From the New York Courier and Inquirer of Feb. 12th.

Mr. Gottschalk's Concert.

MR. GOTTSCHALK made his first appearance last evening at Niblo's before a saloon full of enthusiastic friends and admirers, who welcomed him with prolonged and tumultuous applause, and received his performances with demonstrations of delight little less than rapturous. If we were unfortunate enough not to find full justification for all this extravagance of admiration, we could not fail to see that Mr. Gottschalk is a pianist of very rare abilities; one who, although he has not long written himself man, has attained a mastery over the resources of his instrument which seems almost the difficult task of a life time. To be able to concentrate the attention of an audience upon a piano-forte once during a concert is evidence of extraordinary ability; and nothing less than genius will serve to make it the chief part of a satisfactory evening's entertainment. The truth is, that we—we, the public,—have begun to regard the piano-forte in a concert room as an intolerable bore;—and we do this without in the least underrating its importance as an instrument, or the ability and the long and laborious practice necessary to the attainment of the position of a first-rate pianist. We don't object to the piano-forte *per se*; we only object to it in the concert room. That which is delightful in a room loses its charm when made a part of a formal but disjointed programme, seriatim before two or three thousand people. It's very fine to promenade or dance in the great room of the United States' while Herr KLATTER-UNDSCHMASCH pounds away at his last composition, 'The Earthquake Polka': it's delightful to lie upon a sofa in a half-lighted parlor and listen in reverie to M. le Chevalier D'INDUSTRIE rehearsing in the next his new *notturne*, "*Mes soupers*," dedicated to Mrs. A. POKKET PHULL, and which, judging from the inspiration which produced it, he should have called "*Mes Soupers*;" it is even very pleasant, after a dinner which has put you in particularly good humor, to listen to that prodigy of genius, Signor TICCELSTRINGI, perform his version,—the one thousand and first,—of "The Carnival of Venice." All this is very well in its way and in its place. But go deliberately to hear it; let the gentleman come out and make a deliberate bow to a house full of people before he sits deliberately down to play it; give the thing an air of malice prepense, and it is not well. It is respectable, and therefore to be contemned; it is tolerable, and therefore not to be endured. It is, then, awarding no insignificant success to Mr. Gottschalk to say that he was able to break down the frigid barrier which has of late arisen between pianists and their audiences; though we are well aware that the favorite of the most distinguished artistic circles of Paris may regard with indifference such apparently negative praise.

Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not enable him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties: they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers.

We failed to discover any remarkable purity of tone, or any indications of a chaste *cantabile* style in either of his performances last evening; and we must confess that his dexterity, his power, his sparkle, his dainty, quaint conceits did not compensate us for the want of those higher qualities of the artist; especially as he seemed to avoid instinctively all attempt at pathetic or even tender expression as foreign to his nature. We are judging him by a high standard,—the highest; that by which it has been claimed on all hands that he should be judged; besides it may be that on further acquaintance with his style we may find a representative at least of each of these qualities of which we now deplore the lack. His compositions show that he is a musician, if not a genius;—and geniuses are very rare. The introduction to the Jerusalem Fantasia was striking, bold, almost grand, and worked out with a coherence of thought which we did not find evident in the rest of his music. On the other hand we continually longed for the melodies which we felt sure must soon come, but which did not come. Striking progressions of harmony there were often enough; we thought them more startling than beautiful; but perhaps, again, his compositions only need frequent hearing for the perception in them of beauties of a high order. Yet this, we confess, it is difficult to believe, even in the face of all the fine things that have been said about Mr. Gottschalk both at home and abroad. As an executant he is certainly a phenomenon and a prodigy. We could not but regret that so much stupendous and wonderful labor produced so little music; and we could not but smile at seeing the enthusiasm of his audience always rise in direct proportion to the manual exertion which his performance required. This, however, was no fault of his.

French Opera Composers.

I. MEHUL.

This great composer was a Belgian, and was born in 1763. After having pursued his musical studies with ardor, he went to Paris, at the age of sixteen, in 1779. Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* was then on the eve of representation, and the young stranger was carried by a friend to the general rehearsal of the piece. He listened with transport, and eagerly desired to witness the performance, which was to take place the following evening; but being too poor to afford the price of admission, he determined to hide himself in one of the boxes, and there to wait for the time of representation. At the end of the rehearsal, however, he was discovered in his place of concealment by the servants of the theatre, who proceeded to turn him out very roughly. Gluck, who had not left the house, heard the noise, came to the spot, and found the young man, whose spirit was roused, resisting the indignity with which he was treated. Mehul, finding in whose presence he was, was ready to sink with confusion; but, in answer to Gluck's questions, told him that he was a young musical student from the country, whose anxiety to be present at the performance of the opera had led him into the commission of an impropriety. Gluck, as may be supposed, was delighted with a piece of enthusiasm so flattering to himself, and not only gave his young admirer a ticket of admission, but desired his acquaintance.

From that time Mehul became the friend and pupil of the veteran musician, under whose instructions he devoted himself to the study of dramatic composition. It was not till after ten years had elapsed that he came before the public as a composer, his maiden opera, *Euphrosine et Coradin*, having been produced in 1790: but he had previously written three or four entire operas under the direction of Gluck, not with a view to performance, but solely for the sake of improvement. *Euphrosine et Coradin* had great success: and his next opera, *Stratonice*, which appeared two years afterwards, completely established his reputation. The French critics describe this work as being equally admirable in melody, orchestral accompaniment, and dramatic effect.

For several years afterwards, during the worst

period of the Revolution, Mehul did not produce any work of consequence. In 1799 he brought out *Le Jeune Henri*, the overture to which is well known as an admirable piece of descriptive music. At this period some of the Parisian critics having maintained that Mehul was too dry and German in his style, he had recourse to a stratagem in order to repel this charge. He composed an opera called *Irato*, which was announced as a French drama adapted by him to the music of an Italian piece. It was favorably received, and the critics discovered how much the style of the music differed from Mehul's own; on which he declared himself the author. In his next opera, *Une Folie*, he also vindicated his claim to the character of a melodious composer;—to the great mortification (say his eulogists) of his splenetic critics.

But there must have been some foundation for the strictures of these critics: for it is admitted that Mehul soon afterwards fell into the error with which they had charged him. Being a follower of the principles of Gluck, he appears to have carried these principles to excess, and, for a time, to have sacrificed musical beauty to the pursuit of dramatic effects. In 1806 he produced his opera of *Uthal*, in which he took it into his head to exclude the violins from the orchestra, supplying their place by the violas. This expedient, which, introduced for the sake of variety in a single air, might have a good effect, was insupportable when employed throughout the whole piece. Gretry, who was present at the first performance of this dull and melancholy music, whispered to the person next him, "I would give a louis to hear a cricket chirp just now." He composed several other operas, the success of which (notwithstanding their many beauties) was injured by the erroneous views he continued to entertain. His repeated failures seem to have induced him for a time to abandon dramatic composition; for it was after an interval of several years that he produced his *chef d'œuvre*, the opera of *Joseph*, which appeared in 1816; a work equally remarkable for the noble simplicity of its style, and the pathetic beauties of its melodies. *Joseph* has been repeatedly performed in this country, where (on account of its spiritual subject) it is given, not as an opera, but as an oratorio.

Mehul died in 1817, at the age of fifty-three. He left an unfinished opera, *Valentine de Milan*, which was completed by another hand, and produced with great success. This opera, as well as *Joseph*, continues to be performed in Germany.—*Hogarth*.

[The following lines were written by a young clergyman of the Church of England. He is settled in Nova Scotia. On the urgent request of some of his friends, who considered the violin inconsistent with the gravity due to the ministerial office, he gave up his. How reluctantly he did so may be seen by the poem.]

A Lament at Parting with my Violin.

BY J. A.

Farewell, my friend, a long farewell!
For we are doomed to part:—
Thy mellow tones no more shall wake
Their echoes in my heart;
For there are those who call thee still
The harbinger of sin,
And now at length they separate
Me and my Violin.

They value not the tender tones,
The merry or the mild,
That many a long and lonely hour
Have oft for me beguiled,
Awaking tender sympathies
Partaking not of sin:—
An angel's voice was thine to me,
My sweet old Violin.

How often when thy tender chords
Were floating o'er my brain,
Have I beheld departed friends,
A long and silent train?

Thy voice had waken'd memories
Deep in the heart within,
That bound me with the silent dead—
My sweet old Violin.

How many deep, deep mysteries
Lied hidden in the soul,
Which proves that it is but a part
Of an harmonious whole!
The principle which separates
Must then partake of sin,
But discord never came from thee,
My sweet old Violin!
In this cold, selfish world of ours,
How little do we find
Congenial to the nobler traits
And feelings of the mind!
But music ever calls them forth—
It cannot then be sin:—
Then why condemn the humble strains
Of my old Violin?

How often when temptations come
And evil thoughts assail,
Does music prove a remedy,
That scarce is known to fail:—
Then why shouldst thou be ever called
The harbinger of sin?
It is because they know thee not,
My sweet old Violin!

Thou rend'st inexcusable
Th' excitement of the bowl,
The noxious weed, and many things
Injurious to the soul.
We need not pleasure's voice without,
When music is within:—
My wife and family wert thou,
My sweet old Violin!

But now farewell, a long farewell!
"The best of friends must part;"
And every day but tears away
Some tendril from the heart.
Thy voice that often called me back
From error and from sin,
Shall never more be wak'd by me,
My sweet old Violin!

Yankee Doodle under Difficulties.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Intelligencer.

Feb. 8.

SIR: I am an ill-used individual. I ask you to give voice to my sufferings, and I beseech the public to lend an old friend a sympathising ear. You and I are old friends. So are your readers, all old acquaintances of mine—all old friends.

Sir, I am that venerable and patriotic tune surnamed YANKEE DOODLE. Nearly seventy years have I lived and flourished in this happy land, cherished and protected. But, in these latter days I am the victim of a vile conspiracy, of which concert-rooms are the scene of action, foreign whiskerandos the malignant plotters, and alas! my own friends too often the approving lookers-on! Sir, you know my history and my merits. I was, indeed, a foundling—a musical *enfant trouvé*—with a British army-surgeon for my *accoucheur*, and baptized in derision of his Yankee foes. But, sir, the universal Yankee nation has adopted me. I am proud of the connection. Sir, I flatter myself that the advantage has been mutual. I have served that nation long and well. From a thousand screaming fifes, on a thousand bloody fields, I have cheered them on to victory. Millions of youthful lips my strains have puckered in their first harmonious effort. An hundred times my liquid notes have been "married to immortal verse," and of me has the poet beautifully said:

"'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
—And jest the thing for figh-tin'."

Sir, I have a right to be indignant when I am insulted and made game of.

Why is it, sir, when one of your foreign Crowd-eros, your bewhiskered fancy fiddlers, has tickled his audience with his capering fingers, till they call him out again—why is it that I am to be dragged out and tortured for an *encore*? What have I done to be served up so—"Yankee Doo-

dle, with variations!" Sir, I am not played—I am shamefully played *with*, smothered in "ornaments," strangled, bedeviled, *fiddle-de-deed to death!* Sir, I do not deserve this. I am a simple, well-meaning, old-fashioned tune. I am of a cheerful temper; I have reason to believe my mother was a Jig, and you know the Jigs are a merry family. But, sir, the Jigs don't go crazy—they don't turn summersets, and rush up and down like mad, growling and screeching, and whizzing and pirouetting through the gamut, with one leg poised on the bass, and the other quivering among the harmonies! Sir, they make *me* do that! Yes, sir, *me*—Yankee Doodle—the National Anthem of this great Republic—*me* they put through such shameful antics, as if I were a dancing dog, or an organ-grinder's monkey! And, with bitter malignity, they boast that I have been well executed! Have they not troops of brazen *Cacatinas* and *Arias*, *Fantasias* without modesty and *Airs de Ballet* of supple limb, that I must be seized upon? Do I deserve to be disguised in the trappings of a *Fantasia*? Sir, imagine your own respectable grandfather tricked out and capering as a *figurante*!

I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, and to a generous and attached public, to interfere in behalf of an oppressed old friend. Under the pretense of homage to my popularity and patriotism, I am cruelly tortured. If you will not save me, I'll break the fiddle-strings myself, if I perish in the attempt! Your abused and indignant friend,

YANKEE DOODLE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ATTIC, SIX PAIR, BACK, Monday, Feb. 14.

MR. EDITOR:—Why did you ever write a metaphor? Look at the contagion of your example. Our callow critics, and grey and bald ones too,—imagine that common language will not serve their purpose, and they ransack all heaven and earth for comparisons, generally finding only words of showy beauty or of terrible resonance. They try to catch and imprison the subtle essence of Music, but their glittering sentences no more compass it than the gorgeous glass ware of Bohemia fresh from the workshop reminds one of Lubin.

Among the many "first rate notices" which ALBONI has received, the following, clipped from one of your Boston contemporaries, is worthy of preservation.

"She glides through the mazes of musical embroidery with a freedom and wealth of voice that refreshes every listener with its amber-like quality."

Perhaps a paraphrase will illustrate the unity of this figurative sentence. Suppose we render it thus:

"She dances lightly through an intricate labyrinth of melodious needle-work with an ease and opulence of voice that renders every hearer comfortable with the translucency of its yellow tints."

There, rhetoricians, is a model for you! Let the old and hackneyed examples be dropped from Blair, Newman, &c.; the paragraph we have quoted will by its many-sidedness serve as the illustration of every figure known to the world.

Faithfully yours,

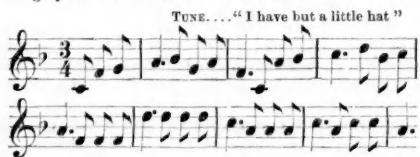
RUSTICUS IN URBE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XVII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23. Some great questions are easily answered, as, for instance, What is the best rhythm for psalmody? Ans. That of German drinking, student and soldier songs, for it is the most popular at present in our meeting-houses.

As a specimen, here is a strain from a song universally sung by the German soldiers at their carousals:



Jan. 24. "Beethoven's sextet, for string quartet and two horns obligato, (in E flat, op. 81,) was performed [by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club], the adagio of which includes "Vesper Hymn," *Jubilate*, &c., introduced in the Oratorio of *Absalom*."

It is to be presumed that the author of that Oratorio had the score of the sextet before him, arranged the music and adapted it to the text of *Absalom*. A great compliment to Beethoven! Oh, Absalom!

Jan. 26. Looking over some German newspapers to-day, I found an extract from a letter written from Boston to the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*, a rabid monarchic daily paper, which does of course all that is possible to blacken and defame everything American. The extract, "over-set" into the vernacular, is this:

"A most characteristic scene was the grand 'last rehearsal' which Madame Sontag gave the — preachers. New England Puritanism, as is well known, does not allow the clergy to be present at plays, concerts (?) or balls. In order to make this enjoyment possible for these 'exiles,' the artiste gave a concert on Sunday—of course consisting of only the so-called sacred music, yet in which was given the prayer in 'Moses in Egypt' and the similar scene from 'Norma'!—and a last rehearsal for the clergy. Four hundred clergymen of all sects and synods appeared with wife and child. After the concert was over, arose one of the eldest and made a speech, which the songstress of course did not understand, as she cannot speak English! [?] and thereupon followed the principal scene. She kneeled down [?] upon the stage before the preacher and besought his blessing by expressive signs, which with deep feeling he granted, which affected her to such a degree that it was long before she could repress her tears. The assembled preachers afterward presented her a costly Bible, whose value was increased by the autographs of four hundred clergymen."

"Thus we see how the European artistes give way to American customs and manners. Fanny Eissler, the beloved of Frederick Gentz, delighted the Americans not alone with the legs with which she 'danced Goethe,' but by her fiery speeches in favor of freedom to the grand nation of the West; Jenny Lind allowed herself to be paraded from city to city by a speculator, and Madame Sontag kneels before a puritan preacher in Boston."

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

The first exhibition of this Academy, which has recently been organized through the untiring efforts of some of our artists and lovers of art, is now open to the public at their rooms, 37½ Tremont Row. A single glance will reveal to the initiated the character of the Exhibition. The number of pictures is not great, but they are selected with judgment and represent worthily a majority of our most distinguished American artists. Never before have we seen in Boston so complete a collection of the works of our own time, by our own artists.

This is one of the great objects of the institution: to bring before the public the efforts of our living and working artists; to show the tendencies of the new schools forming and struggling for existence among us; to denote our rapid progress and prove conclusively that we have in our country minds imbued with the spirit and love of Nature; that the hand of Genius wields many a brush directed by true inspiration and love of the beautiful, and that these need only sympathy and fostering care to enable them to stand forth brightly among the most gifted of any age or country.

The artists of New York have contributed most nobly to the beauty and interest of the exhibition. The names of Durand, Kensett, Casilear, Cropsey, Elliott, Baker, Gifford, Cranch and Boutelle enrich the catalogue. Let us take a hasty view of some of their productions.

No. 67, by Kensett, is entitled by the artist "Early

Autumn in Franconia." It is a picture painted with the most consummate artistic skill. It carries the connoisseur away captive by the fascination of its manner and handling. Its vigor and boldness astonish him; its sometimes delicate and interwoven pencilings dazzle and bewilder. It is not elaborated with the somewhat too careful and precise manner of the Düsseldorf school. The touch is more flowing and free; the lines less formal. The coloring of the foreground is rich and varied; the distance grave and silvery.

These are some of the charms it has for the artist and amateur, who look often for beauty of manner and execution, regardless of higher qualities. But higher qualities it possesses too. It has great truth of space, of light and shade; grandeur of lines and beauty of composition. The eye dwells with pleasure for a time upon the well broken foreground, strewn with masses of grey rock, painted with a masterly hand. They are jagged and sharp and deliciously marked with all varieties of mosses and tints. No man living on either side of the Atlantic understands better the rock forms or can reproduce them with more charm and effect, than Kensett. In the middle ground we are carried along the bed of a stream by a woody hill-side, and as we penetrate, hill recedes naturally beyond hill, and over their tops we are led to an almost boundless horizon of mountain.

Kensett is an artist endowed with most rare talents, and Boston should be proud to possess for a time one of his most delightful productions. Casilear, too, is a name but little known in Boston, for no picture of his has ever before been exhibited here. He is well known and admired in New York.

No. 2, by this artist is called "A Study from Nature." The charm of this picture is its great simplicity of form and effect, added to its summer-like freshness of color. It represents a quiet shady nook amongst green trees, which are reflected in a dark transparent pool. In the middle-ground the light breaks through upon the fresh, green grass, where sheep are grouped about. Passing on we emerge from the quiet, cool haunt, and the eye wanders over broad plains to the blue horizon. This picture cannot fail to leave an impression, it is so filled with light, and the poetry of summer.

No. 22 is by Durand, President of the National Academy of Design. It cannot be called one of his most important works, but still it possesses many of the fine qualities which distinguish his manner. The group of trees on the right is well characterised; the leafing of each variety distinct. In this respect he excels all our living artists. There is a dreamy atmosphere, a sunny quiet pervading the meadows and distant hills which all his greatest works possess in common with this. Durand has been and still is a hard student of nature, and notwithstanding he is no longer young he retains all his youthful enthusiasm, and learns new truths with every summer's labors.

Time will not allow us to speak of other works of Art which adorn the Gallery of the Academy; but every lover of the Fine Arts will find his taste gratified and his time well spent by visiting the rooms, No. 37½ Tremont Row. C.

Montgomery's second issue of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art* keeps the promise of the first, both in the variety and excellence of its engravings and its reading matter; though we are sorry that a *Journal of Art* should ascend to an elaborate puff of the *Herald*, which we find to be the drift of one of its articles, interesting enough otherwise as a description of a large American newspaper establishment.

The *History of the Painters of all Nations*, by M Charles Blanc; with their portraits, engravings of their most famous works, &c., is another splendid serial, published by Alexander Montgomery, (Reising & Co. have it). Each number is devoted to one artist, the first containing Albert Durer, the second, Velasquez. Each number has twenty large quarto pages, besides illustrations.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 19, 1853.

Concerts of the Past Week.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The short oratorio of "Engedi" was performed for the second time on Sunday evening, preceded by a first part of well-selected miscellany. Mehul's overture, to "Joseph in Egypt," though simple, quiet, and somewhat antique in its structure, and with little either of the Beethoven yearning or the modern straining for effect in it, was grateful as the sweet composure of a Sabbath sunset,—sound, clear, pleasant, satisfying music—far more fitting to the season and more edifying, to our mind, than the everlasting Rossini *Stabat Mater* music, which is almost always made the staple of a miscellaneous Sacred Concert. Under the hands of the "Germanians" it came out fresh and clear like some old painting happily retouched. Haydn's Chorus: "The heavens are telling," was grandly sung, only that the voices in the Trio seemed a shade at variance from unity of pitch, so as to lend a certain chilliness to the harmony. The chorus too, throughout the evening, suffered from the disproportionate paucity of contraltos, which we presume was accidental. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang "With verdure clad" in that fine, true, clear, flexible and penetrating little voice of her's (of which at the same time the extremely youthful quality almost makes one smile), and she sang it with good style and expression. Were ever English words more happily married to the thought and to music, than in that warm, graceful, *vegetating* melody?—for instance: "Here shoots the healing plant." An Aria, by Wallace, "Searcher of Hearts," with orchestral accompaniments, and somewhat feebly Mendelssohnian in style, was sung with rather more of style than is common among our amateurs, in a quiet manner, and with a fair though rather dull and thick kind of baritone, by Mr. DRAPER. And the first part closed with the quaintly emphatic chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": *And grant a leader bold and brave, &c.*

Beethoven's oratorio seems to be waxing popular, although we were sorry to see that during the performance of the one really great thing in it, the concluding "Hallelujah" chorus, large numbers of thoughtless people began putting on their cloaks and making toward the doors. Respect for the composer, for the performers and for those who go and stay that they may hear, should dictate some degree of self-restraint to those who are possessed with such impatience. The various solos, choruses and accompaniments, were on the whole quite well rendered; at all events the outline and intention of the music were throughout made clear,—with the exception, perhaps, of the first taking up of the chromatic fugged allegro at the end of the first chorus: *O praise him*. In the soprano solo, on the top of this, as well as in the air preceding, the voice of Miss STONE did eminent service, soaring with all ease to B and C and D above the lines, holding the high G through four or five bars, and so forth, and imparting a brilliant edge to the whole of this very effective and variegated number. It is perhaps the next most imposing number in the work, after the "Hallelujah," but not like that, sublime; though

it approaches it once, where those soft long vocal chords, with triplet accompaniments, succeed so sweetly and refreshingly to the terrific *diminished sevenths* upon the words: *Destruction is their lot*.

On the whole, pleasing and effective and dramatic as is this oratorio—and of course all that Beethoven did revealed the master's hand—we see no reason to impugn the judgment of nearly all Germans and of the musical world generally, that this "Mt. of Olives," or "Engedi" is by no means one of the master's happiest efforts. He seems to have written it under less inspiration than usual. The instrumental parts are naturally the best. The Introduction is profound and rich and beautiful, and perhaps not more monotonous and uniformly slow than befitted an introduction to the agony in the garden. The tenor recitative and aria: "My heart is sore," though very fairly rendered, and in parts profoundly sad, yet seems weak in comparison with any of Beethoven's instrumental music as an expression of such emotions and struggles of the soul. The parts of the prophetess (soprano solo) are bold and commanding; the duet, too: *I love the Lord*, has great beauty; but in the trio: "How blest are those," &c., there are passages of a quite common-place and secular turn, and so too in the bass solos, (Abishai's counsel of "vengeance," as the singer pronounced it); while the answering semi-choruses of the followers of Saul and of David, though full of strange, mysterious harmony and startling modulations, not unlike the prison chorus in "Fidelio," are too dramatic; and the timid response of the altos: *These soldiers come to find us*, seems to lack all temper of manliness.

We are purposely singling out faults, as it is a matter of curiosity that such can be found in any work of this mighty master. Let it not be supposed that we are deaf to the many beauties and traces of genius and grandeur in the work. Perhaps, too, had we heard it with the original subjects and words, as it was given by the Handel and Haydn Society in the olden times in Boylston Hall, we might have received a deeper impression from the whole.

We had not room to notice last week a very valorous fling at us, from one "L. B. B.," in the *Transcript*, who thinks it was very "bold" in us to intimate that in "much of this music" (meaning particularly, as we went on to specify, the tenor solos) "Beethoven was not altogether at home in writing for the voice." These were our words. Our critic generalizes our remark, and even makes us call Beethoven's choral productions common-place, when in the preceding sentences we had excepted about every chorus, and spoken of the "Hallelujah" in terms only short of those due to that of Handel. By "not at home" we meant not fully Beethoven, not in his best vein; and by "common-place" we meant, measured by the standard of Beethoven. And it is well known, though the height of inspiration was more evenly sustained in him probably than in almost any composer that has ever lived, yet that in several instances he has fallen below himself. Why, we have in our possession a hundred or two songs of his, which, though he wrote the *Adelaide*, that immortal and most perfect of all love songs, are yet with a few exceptions scarcely ever sung or known. His opera *Fidelio* is great; his two Masses of the very greatest ever produced; and yet those who say this understandingly and, as the Germans say,

"from own experience," do not say the same thing of the "Mount of Olives."

The hot haste of our rebuker, who flew at us, it seems, "without proposing to argue the matter" with us, seems to us to betray a business motive, rather than an artistic zeal for Beethoven. To have it understood that anything was not *first-rate* might lessen the interest in the Society's performances:—was not that it? Now, we would not willingly that so excellent a society as the "Handel and Haydn" should suffer; we desire both for our own sakes and the cause of music that it should have the fullest measure of support; and, because "Engedi" suggests comparisons with greater works, that is to us no reason for not going to hear it and urging everybody else to hear it. But one thing we wish our friend and all concerned to understand:—Our duty in the premises is criticism (generous, genial criticism, we mean it shall be), to subserve the ends of Art, and not mere business advertisement and puff indiscriminate of artists and societies, to serve the ends of persons. We assure this valiant champion of "Engedi" that the real admirers of Beethoven discriminate between his different works, even if the champion finds them all equally sublime. For ourselves, we have been much interested in the oratorio; we see in it many a trace of the great composer's genius, yet as a whole, we cannot think it great enough to rank among the masterpieces either of Beethoven, or of oratorios by the standard either of Handel or of Mendelssohn. And in this opinion we are by no means alone, and therefore cannot claim the merit of "boldness" that is flung so tauntingly into our face. As we have said before, it is the prevailing, if not the universal opinion of the German musicians, and we doubt not if Mendelssohn and Spohr and Moscheles could speak to us, they would declare essentially the same. As to Beethoven's best power not lying in large vocal compositions, let us quote a passage that has just fallen under our notice. It is from a report in an English paper of a course of lectures recently delivered in Manchester, by a learned but by no means paradoxical writer, on "Ecclesiastical Music." After tracing its history down from the Gregorian times, through Palestrina, Handel, &c., he comes to Mozart and Beethoven, and of the latter says:

In comparing his works with those of Mozart, we are compelled to award the vocal palm to the latter; for Beethoven so revelled in the resources of the orchestra, that he had hardly restraint enough in him to let a solo voice, or even a chorus of voices, have fair audience. Hence a marked characteristic of his works for the oratorio and the church is, that the voice parts are sometimes buried, as it were, under such a weight of instrumental coloring, that we lose (to use a homely expression) the meat, in the excessive nature and quality of the sauce. This Mozart never did. Of Beethoven's two masses, the one in C is eminently beautiful from first to last, and does not in any instance lean to the fault here hinted at; although that objection may certainly be urged against his second (in D,) which was so difficult as to be very rarely performed, and his oratorio, "The Mount of Olives."

We have the curiosity to look into M. Fétis *Biographie des Musiciens* (as the work happens to lie near at hand) and see what this eminent authority says of the oratorio. Here it is. After enumerating with due praise many of his earlier works, he comes to what he seems to consider his great period, when he produced *Fidelio*, the Symphonies Nos. 4, 5, 6, &c. &c., and he adds:

"To the same epoch belongs also the oratorio of 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' but a sort of *gêne*, which is often felt in the vocal compositions of Beethoven, when he wanted to employ the scientific forms, has cast over this work a certain, I know not what, tinge of coldness that injures its merit, in spite of the beautiful ideas scattered through it."

Finally we may be allowed to suspect that we are perhaps as great an admirer and venerator of Beethoven as our anonymous friend; we have even been accused of enthusiasm in that direction, and should hardly dare to turn (we do confess) to any page of our recent or past journalizing for a refutation of the charge. Truly it is a new thing under the sun that we should "catch it" on this other side.

SIXTH MUSICAL FUND CONCERT.—This terminated the subscription series, and was so good and so satisfactory, to a very large audience, that we trust one or more extra concerts will be given. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, (decidedly the greatest before one has heard and known the Ninth, with Chorus) was produced for the first time by any society this winter, and we would not for any slight inconvenience have missed the hearing of it, so soon after making acquaintance with the Ninth. And it was well that we went; the glorious old Symphony did not disappoint us; we found its virtue potent yet; its solemn earnestness and dignity came upon us even more impressively than ever, and in looking back to our recorded impressions and speculations about it of an earlier date (see first part of the paper,) we were convinced that if we did write fancifully then, we were not guilty of an extravagant estimate of the moral loftiness and greatness of meaning of the Seventh Symphony. How could Hector Berlioz, technically analyzing this work, in one of his early writings, perceive nothing in the Trio to the Scherzo—that magnificent episode in which the violins hold out a trumpet-like A (dominant) through the whole passage—but a strain of rustic gaiety! We doubt that we have been the only listener who found this one of the most sublimely solemn strains occurring in any instrumental composition. Why, to us it is as if, in the midst of the frolic Scherzo, the heavens here suddenly opened all about us, transfiguring the common things of life into their most spiritual and earnest meanings:—we would fain write them down, those tones, could they but flow through the pen,—they are ringing through us yet!

Of the performance we can speak with sincere praise. The newly re-organized orchestra proved an efficiency, in this, the noblest occupation for an orchestra, from which we hope much for future seasons. The new conductor, having become more used to his position and relying, as he could not at first, on the prompt co-operation of all about him, is less nervous in his motions, and indicates the various tempi, crescendos, &c., and entrances of different instruments, with more of that dignified composure which must depend very much upon his certainty that the effects he indicates will duly follow.

The overture to "Don Juan" was very effectively rendered; but we did not hear that to the "Siege of Corinth," (by Rossini, not, as we carelessly wrote last week, Beethoven;—verily no other name comes natural to the pen these last

weeks!) which closed the programme. Miss ANNA STONE sang *Fac ut portem*, and a large and florid aria from Mozart's *Tito*, with quintet accompaniment, clarinet *obligato*, in acceptable style, though her voice seemed to labor somewhat, as from cold or fatigue, betraying more hollowness in the lower tones and more hardness in the upper than is its wont. A glorious organ it is, nevertheless, and much good service it has done us, and will do us, in music of the highest character. Sig. GUIDI sang the *Cujus animam* with less of that lacrymose and gasping *sotto voce*, which we remarked whilome in his operatic performances. His air from the *Prophète* we did not hear. The first violin Concerto of De Beriot was executed in a very creditable, nay superior manner, by Master GROVES, who for his youth has acquired rare breadth and firmness of tone, as well as mastery of scales and passages and all the points of execution. Without revealing any peculiar genius, this specimen of his skill contained the promise of an excellent musician. We should have thought it extraordinary before little Jullien and Urso came.

The audience was the largest of the season and all seemed richly satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

GOTTSCHALK.

The second concert of the young Louisianian took place on Thursday. The pieces of his own, set down in the programme, were *Jerusalem*, a triumphal fantasia for two pianos, (played with Richard Hoffmann); the *Bamboula*; *La Savanna* and *le Bananier* (poetic caprices), and the "Carnival of Venice"; besides which Gottschalk was to play a portion of Weber's *Concert-stück*. His first concert has filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogium,—all of a piece with the letters from abroad that heralded his coming. No doubt, the *furore* was sincere; but it is not genius in the higher sense of the word, it is not Art in the fulfilment of its highest mission, that excites these "frenzies" in an audience. We cannot doubt, after comparing reports of him, that Gottschalk is a wonderfully skillful, brilliant and in some respects original performer; nor that he has a clever faculty of *composing* what displays his executive powers to best advantage. He may have a great deal more. We of course cannot pronounce before we have heard either him or more than one or two of his compositions. But we must be pardoned, if the very excitement and unqualified newspaper praise there is about him, prepossesses us against the hope of finding an artist in the *highest* sense. It is the fatality of *such* that newspaperdom rustles not so readily at their approach. Among the enthusiastic reports of the New York press, we have found one or two more cautious exceptions; and we have copied in a foregoing page one criticism, which seems dictated by reason and good sense, not merely for what it says of Gottschalk, but for its wholesome comments on the whole modern school of piano-forte music at concerts. But it is fair to give the warmer ones a hearing likewise; let the *Home Journal* speak:

"Mr. Gottschalk, the American pianist, made his *debut* at Niblo's Saloon, on Friday, the 11th instant. We mention the date, because we are convinced that the musical history of the country will require that it should be preserved. To say that his success was of the most unequivocal de-

scription, can convey to the reader's mind no idea of the *frenzy* of enthusiasm which his performance excited. His playing is precisely of the kind which most palpably hits the popular taste. His effects are strong and powerful. He dashes at the instrument as Murat charged the enemy, and has command of its most latent possibilities. His playing has the effect of an orchestra, and the modulation of a single instrument. He is the only pianist we have yet heard, who can electrify and inflame an assembly. He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion. This is not exaggeration, as every one will bear witness who has heard him perform; but a simple statement of facts. A sober judgment of his powers, as compared with those of other eminent pianists, we are not prepared to give, since it was impossible not to be carried away with the enthusiasm of the occasion. But we hope to hear him again, at an early day, and to consider his performance more coolly. The feeling of the audience was well expressed by a distinguished lady who attended the concert, who remarked, "Gottschalk has the dexterity of Jaell, the power of De Meyer and the taste of Herz."

But the *Tribune*, usually so sound and cautious, goes ahead of all in the extravagance of its praise; and has a theory for it, namely, that it is an age of progress and that we must not nail our notions of perfection in piano music down to Beethoven's Sonatas, and that it may be permitted to a young man, a citizen of this great "manifest destiny" republic, to go beyond those "old fogies" who are cried up as "classical." That is the drift of it. And the implied inference is that Beethoven was well enough in his way, but that Gottschalk has opened a new path, &c., &c. In what? So far as we are told, in mechanism, in writing music *for the piano*, so that with its natural imperfections it may, by dint of wonderful execution, in some manner represent the breadth of a full orchestra and ring at once through all the compass of its seven octaves. Now Beethoven, and composers of creative genius write, secondarily for the piano, but primarily for Art, for the expression of musical ideas and inspirations, born in the mind and not made to order from the fingers. In the respects, which the *Tribune* critic mainly looks to, Gottschalk may very naturally have got beyond Beethoven, as Thalberg and Liszt have done; but in the respects which give the Sonatas of Beethoven their rank in history and their value in the souls of all true music-lovers, and which are irrespective of mere mechanical adaptation to an exhaustive employment of the instrument, it sounds a little paradoxical to hear it said that these sonatas are surpassed by a young man, an American, chiefly noted for a brilliant play and for the composition of *Bananiers* and *Bamboulas*. Genius, to be sure, is of no country, is the greatest of God's gifts to man, and shall be welcome, more than welcome, whenever, and under whatever form it shall approach; but we cannot accept it on *such* showing, (if we have rightly caught the spirit of the article referred to).

Wishing to do full justice in the premises and not ignore a "new phenomenon," we design soon to condense for our readers a history of young Gottschalk's career, from the *Courier des Etats Unis*, if we can only find its facts separable from the superlative eulogy that swells every sentence, comparing his childhood to Mozart's, his grace and delicacy to Chopin, his virtuosity in general to that of Liszt and Thalberg, &c. &c.

The Opera—Alboni.

The great contralto brought her brief season of nine nights to a brilliant close last evening; only instead of fulfilling the promise of the exquisite and (to a Boston audience) almost new *Don Pasquale*, she appeared in the best portions of two of the rôles which she has made peculiarly her own, namely, the last acts of the *Sonnambula* and the

Figlia. The three preceding performances developed a versatility of talent, dramatic as well as vocal, which we should judge exceeded even the tradition that we had of the ALBONI.

On Friday, of last week, the "Daughter of the Regiment" was presented with more spirit even than before. Gentle SANGIOVANNI even mustered courage and put some vitality into the sweetness of his voice, while the prima donna was in admirable voice and absolutely revelled in the music and the frolic of a part which she appears to take to *con amore*.

How changed her rôle on Monday! In *Norma* Albani astonished us. We despaired of ever greatly enjoying the opera of *Norma*; it always has seemed sweetish, monotonous and intolerably long. But this time we can really say that we enjoyed it. The whole play seemed newly animated; for once we seemed to realize in some degree the tradition of *Norma*, as the classical, lyric drama *par excellence* of the Italian stage; while ALBANI came out a new development, quite beyond the European tradition of her. In no part has she looked so well; her ponderous figure does not necessarily contradict the idea of an imposing woman, a priestess, a mother too, and of a savage northern race. Then she was dressed finely, and for all the world looked, as she first appeared in the back of the stage, as did Tedesco, in the same part, in the first visit of the Havana troupe. Her action throughout was dignified, sustained, appropriate; not so intense, and furiously vindictive as some would have the injured priestess; but with more of the human and the motherly temper in it; for indeed that buxom form and rosy face and those merry, sensuous eyes could hardly assume the tragic; and yet she did it to such a degree that as a whole her *Norma* seemed consistent and not out of character,—indeed far more in character than any *Norma* we remember on our stage (the Grisi, &c., we have never seen). And, we would ask, was not Albani's *Norma* eminently in unison with Bellini's music? As to the singing, we must still say that we have heard the *Casta Diva* given more to our satisfaction; but taking the music of the part throughout, it was most lusciously, superbly, exquisitely rendered. What mattered the transposing of a few high notes, or the taking of the second voice in the duet with Adalgisa? Running mostly in thirds, the second there is quite as interesting as the first, and it was the large, voluptuous, impassioned low tones throughout that lent such nobility and richness to Albani's *Norma*. In the trio, where she denounces Pollio, her tones, her action were alike thrillingly dramatic, and there was consummate representation of pathos in the tragic final scene. Her voice verily may be said "to have a tear in it."

Mme. SIENBURG agreeably disappointed us by making a very respectable Adalgisa. She sang the music sweetly and truly, and her soprano told both clearly and expressively in the upper part of the duet. VIETTI and COLETTI did the parts of Pollio and Orovoso fairly; while orchestra and chorus were in better trim than usual.

Wednesday. Albani did not seem to enter into the arch part of Rosina with much interest. We are told she was unwell. But the luxurious melody of *Il Barbiere* (all in Rossini's happier and most inventive vein, and taking after Mozart not a little,—all such a feast to the ear, even if you listen only to the orchestra), could not suffer in the voice and execution of the world's great Contralto. In all those charming concerted pieces, the rich melody of her tones flowed quietly in, enriching, fertilizing all. The Variations, by Hummel, which she introduced in the music les-

son, were the very perfection of all ease and grace as sensuous melody. The *Zitti, zitti* trio was a daintier bit than ever,—faintly approached (the music) by that little imitation in Donizetti's *La Figlia*. COLETTI made not more than a fair Figaro; the same of BARILI's Don Basilio. SANGIOVANNI's sweet tenor ran very smoothly through the warm and florid melody of his part, and we must confess to more pleasure in his singing than he commonly has credit for, although he lacks stage qualities. The life and spirit of the piece were in ROVERE's Dr. Bartolo, which was decidedly clever in the *parlando* and the acting, and perhaps not more overdone than the nature of the piece (all a humorous extravaganza) justifies.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY give the last of their Six regular Oratorio performances to-morrow evening. The first part will consist of selections from Handel's "Messiah," the second of Beethoven's "Engedi." It will be an excellent opportunity to judge the latter by the highest standard; we should be glad to find that we have underrated it.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The Seventh Chamber Concert, first announced for last Thursday, is postponed until two weeks from that time.—Mr. DRESEL's last Soiree, too, is postponed until the evening before that (Wednesday, March 2d,) when he will be assisted by the artist-like pianist, Mr. SCHARFENBERG, from New York, as well as by ALFRED JAEHL. Among other novelties, the three will play a Concerto by Bach, for three pianos.—As these two concerts are to come upon successive evenings, we cannot help indulging and uttering the hope that Mr. Scharfenberg's rare visit may be made available to the Quintette Club concert likewise.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, it is said, are to have the opening of the new hall, corner of Dover Street, when they will perform selections from "Joshua," "Jephtha," and "St. Paul."

MUSIC IN THE SUBURBS.—At South Boston, the "Union Musical Institute" gave the second of a series of concerts at Lyceum Hall on the 10th, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Mr. Perabeau, and others. Conductor, Mr. T. Stover. There were choruses from Rossini, Pergolesi, Haydn and Mozart; songs and duets, from Handel, Rossini, Bellini, &c., (including "With verdure clad," by Miss Leach, and "O lovely Peace," by Miss Leach and Miss Henderson); a violin duet by amateurs; piano-forte pieces by Mr. and Master Perabeau; Overtures, arrangements, &c., by the Quintette Club;—on the whole a richly multifarious feast for those who live so far from our central halls of music.

In Roxbury, a concert was given a few nights since by the "Beethoven Society," under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, whose name is guaranty that the attention of the society will be turned to good and solid music.

New York.

THE OPERA of Mme. SONTAG is now entering its sixth week, and its attractiveness seems undiminished. Says the *Home Journal*:

Mr. Eckert has changed the opera as often as once a week, and thus kept the public on the *qui vive*, and the treasury running over. The comic operas, however, are hardly as well attended as the serious. People seem to delight more in the harrowing than the jocular, and the humors of "Don Pasquale" excite less enthusiasm than the sorrows of *Amina*; yet Don Pasquale was admirably performed, and afforded our particular selves an evening of the rarest enjoyment. Never have we seen upon the stage a more beautiful object than Madame Sontag, as she appeared in the third act of Don Pasquale. She looked a personified *early day in September*—say the tenth—when the summer has lost a little of its glare, but nothing of its beauty, and the autumn is in the fullness of its glory and abundance, without a leaf yet withered.

It is said that Sontag will give *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisire*, *Linda* and *Martha*; also that she contemplates *Der Freyschütz* and the "Marriage of Figaro" in German. Bortas, the admired tenor from the New Orleans opera, with Genibrel, the basso, are to join her in her Castle Garden summer operas.

FATHER HEINRICH. This enthusiastic veteran is to have a concert, for the production of a number of those strange and elaborate works of his. "He has gone on in his solitary attic, composing oratorios, operas, symphonies and songs,—merely composing, not publishing them,—till he has accumulated several large chests full of original musical compositions—his only wealth." May the devoted old servant of St. Cecilia be cheered by a full house, and may some of that inspi a ion which has sustained his long labors appear in his works and be felt by his audience.

England.

LONDON. At the Second Concert of the HARMONIC UNION, (Jan. 20th,) were performed Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and various vocal and instrumental solos, the whole preceded by the "Dead March in Saul," in tribute to the memory of the well-known trumpet-player, Mr. T. HARPER, who had expired very suddenly that morning. Our own young townsman, Mr. WILLIAM MASON, too, made his *début* before an English audience at that concert. It will be interesting to compare some of the notices which appeared the next morning in the London papers. The *Daily News* says:

"He played Weber's well-known *Concert Stück* with great judgment, expression, and brilliancy."

The *Times* says:

"Mr. William Mason was somewhat foolishly, we think, announced as 'the first American pianist who had ever performed before an English audience,'—as if the bare fact of nationality, independent of actual merit, was a matter of any importance. Happily Mr. Mason possesses talent; and, though very young, already exhibits promise of excellence. He played the pianoforte part in Weber's *Concert Stück* with a great deal of spirit; so well, indeed, that we are confident he will play it still better when he has acquired a more perfect command of the instrument. It is in mechanism that Mr. Mason is deficient. This deficiency makes him nervous and uncertain, imparts unsteadiness to his accentuation, and robs his passages of clearness. He has, nevertheless, a light and elastic touch, and evidently understands his author. At the conclusion of his performance Mr. Mason was generously applauded by the audience; and it is to be hoped that so indulgent a reception will spur him on to increased exertion."

The *Chronicle* says:

"A pianist from New York, Mr. WILLIAM MASON, who appeared for the first time in London, selected somewhat boldly for his *début* the single concerto of WEBER. His performance was smoothly correct, but tame and uniform. His touch is light, rapid, and distinct, but it wants delicacy of expression, and there is also a lack of color and *verve* about his playing. Mr. MASON is, no doubt, an able and accomplished pianist; but more than that is demanded of those who would now-a-days take the place to which he aspires in his art."

The *Athenæum* says:

"The last part introduced us to a young American pianist, Mr. W. MASON, (the son, we are told, of the Professor of Psalmody,) who played Weber's *Concert Stück* with ease and spirit."

Miscellaneous.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has just presented a considerable sum in money, clothes, bedding, and provisions, to two charitable institutions recently established at Stockholm—the hospital of St. Magdalene and the institution of the Deaconesses. The celebrated cantatrice, who is at present residing at Dresden, has promised to visit Stockholm in the holy week, to take part in two religious concerts, which are to be given in the cathedral, for the benefit of the poor. In these concerts Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul, and Handel's oratorio of "Messiah," with the instrumentation of Mozart, are to be performed. They have never yet been executed in public at Stockholm.

Mlle. Cazzaniga (the Marchesa Malaspina) is said to be the most interesting and beautiful female singer in Italy. She is shortly to appear in London. She has just had great success in a new opera by Mazzucato, played at Milan, called "Luigi V." The opera is said to be more of the German than the Italian school, and likely to become very popular.

M. AUBER has been made director of the Imperial music and *maître de chapelle* at the Tuilleries,—places held under the great Napoleon by Lesueur and Paër. He was to direct at Notre Dame on Sunday an orchestra of 500 instruments.

It is reported that the two London opera houses will effect an amalgamation at the coming season, and only one of them be opened.

Verdi's "Luisa Miller," after being played for some time at the Italian Opera in Paris, is now in course of preparation for the Imperial Theatre in a French version. Bosto was to sing in it (at the *Italiens*) on the 19th ult.

Mario, the tenor singer, in leaping out of the window in the massacre scene of the "Huguenots," at St. Petersburg, lately, fell and sprained his ankle dreadfully. He was suffering severely at the last accounts.

Mlle. Wagner, the German vocalist, announces her determination not to come to London next season, having a dread of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Sims Reeves, it is said, will shortly come to America, to assist Madame Sontag in Opera.

